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"If Johnny Doyle was your thrue love, as I do now
suppose,

The truth to you, fair creature, I quickly must disclose;
He's wedded to a lady fair, an' dhrest in rich array,
With lands and money plenty in the South Amerike.

But cheer up gallant lady, and come along with me,
And your true love, for ever, so faithful I will be;
And to my own country you'll come, where I'll make
you my wife,
And think no more of Johnny Doyle—he's married now
for life."

"Go away, false-hearted young man, if what you say be
thru,

It only does my sorrow, my grief, and pain renew;
For I have vowed to wed but him, an' my thrue vow I'll
keep

Until kind death will close my eyes in the last quiet sleep."

"Then turn about, fair Nancy, an' look on me, I pray,
Have you forgot your Johnny Doyle, that was so long
away;

And now comes back to his thrue love, from the wild,
stormy main,

"With goold and riches plenty, an' we'll never part again?"

But soon a general movement to the water's edge announced that the swimming was about to take place, and thousands crowded down to the strand to witness the horse-race in the waters. Four fine animals were already prepared for the struggle in the waves, and they waited but for the fifth, which soon made its appearance, led by Peter Donoghoe. It was a young and fiery animal, in high condition, and required all Peter's dexterity and strength to manage and curb him, frightened as he was by the noise and rush of the multitude. The place where the swimming was to take place was from one point of the little bay mentioned above, round a small boat anchored at some distance in the deep water, and back to another point not far distant from where they started. The hill swept easily round the bay, forming with its crowd a living amphitheatre, and far away, in the deep blue water, a small island, covered with trees, arose, the only land-mark from the swelling waves until the eye rested on the distant and woody shores which bounded the prospect.

The men were stript to the waist, and without shoes or stockings, and at a given signal they mounted their respective animals and drew up in a line on the beach. At another signal they plunged at once into the water, and the animals, unused to the liquid element, and frightened at the sudden immersion and the loud shouts that rung around them, plunged violently, and some endeavoured to return to the shore; and one timid animal, despite all the endeavours of his rider, a powerful young man, who encouraged, coaxed, and applied the whip by turns, struggled back, and bounded, trembling with terror, to the strand, and snorting with joy and shaking his long mane, he dashed away recklessly with his rider through the crowd. The other four were urged into the deep, and on they steered their way, with scarcely any part over the water but their swelling nostrils and starting eyes, and the heads of the men, bound with their handkerchiefs of different colours. Two were lagging far behind—but Peter Donoghoe and the rival he so much dreaded were in a line. They were nearing the boat, and as this was the critical moment which was apt to decide the race, every nerve was strained, and every exertion made to turn it first. Every foot of vantage gained by either was hailed by the loud cheers of the men on the hill; and, as they drew near, the horses were side by side—that of Peter nearest to the grand object; and just as he was on the point of dexterously wheeling round, his opponent, by a violent movement, forced the animal he was guiding directly across his way, driving Peter and his horse against the boat. The shock was terrible; for the feet of the horses mingled and clashed in the water beneath, and Peter was stunned by the force with which he was driven against the boat; and in the plunging of the animals to get free of each other, the horse he bestrode received a kick from that of his opponent, which broke one of its fore legs. The animal neighed fearfully and instinctively,

as he sunk beneath the blue and bubbling waters; and one shrill shriek of terror broke the silence on the hill, as the green handkerchief of Peter disappeared beneath the agitated surface. The other man looked about in terror as they went down, and the boat rolled into its former situation over the spot. The victor came on shore, panting with terror, and not a single shout hailed his triumph. Boats were immediately put out, and, with much difficulty, and after a length of time, the lifeless body of Peter Donoghoe was extricated from beneath the horse at the bottom.

It were useless here to enter into a description of his mother's frantic grief, or the deep and settled sorrow of poor Cicely—of his loud anguish of his sisters, or the lamentations of the multitude; for as he was generally beloved, so he was universally lamented. His mother, as she had prophesied, lived to eat her bread from the charity of the stranger; and Cicely lived for some years after him—but no more like the former light-hearted sweet girl than her own shadow in the sun-beams. She pined away day by day, and at length passed away like a spirit from the earth; and, on a "Lough Sunday," she was buried in the old churchyard of the island in Lough Quel. J. L. L.

PALMYRA.

The moon is full, and o'er me bends
The deep though dark blue sky—
Around me spreads the desert waste,
The desert breezes sigh.
And o'er my path, like dreamy shape,
What seems of elder time;
A ruin'd pile all silent stands,
In solitude sublime.

Oh, city of the wilderness!
Thy palms above thee weep
Where now—the hoast of vanished years—
Thy beauteous marbles sleep.
The night bird in thy palaces,
Is echoed by the blast;
And dim thy silent pillars rise,
Like spectres of the past.

Oh! where are now thy great of old—
Thy famed of other days;
Whose glory wakes the harp and song,
And tires the tongue of praise?
The hands that swayed thy sceptre, where—
That reared thy sculptured pride?
A voice is breathing from thy dust,
That murmurs they have died.

Thy gates were opened east and west—
The pulse the press of life;
Were busy then in triumph's hour,
Or fierce in mortal strife:
Now deeply rests the level sand,
Where stirred that living crowd;
And death is not more silent than
The dwellings of the proud.

Yet never in thy days of pride,
Midst all the pomp of power,
Could'st thou so touch the musing soul,
As in this thrilling hour;
More lovely now in thy decay,
All desolate and lone,
Than when the trumpet shook thy towers,
And kings were on thy throne.

BEAUREGARD.

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